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by [EliraWinter](#)

Summary

Rozanov finds out that Shane has a tramp stamp.

Notes

This fic takes place sometime in their hookup years.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

It had been over a month (fine, five weeks and two days) since they'd been together. Even though Shane was salivating at the prospect of getting his mouth on Rozanov's dick, he was smarting at Montreal's narrow loss to Boston – so he took his sweet time folding his clothes even neater than usual while Rozanov got progressively more annoyed and handsy.

As Shane turned to place his folded shirt on the back of the couch, Rozanov suddenly grabbed hold of his waist.

"Hollander, what is this?"

"What's what?" Shane looked over his shoulder as he felt Rozanov's fingers stroking his lower back. He groaned.

"It's so stupid, I lost a bet with the guys."

Hayden had been in transports at the opportunity to make Shane get a tattoo. He and JJ had insisted on accompanying him to a shop to pick out the design in person.

"So we know you don't chicken out," JJ had said.

"So that I can pick the ugliest one," Hayden had grinned.

Mercifully, they hadn't picked the *ugliest* one, but it was pretty close. Then they'd stayed while it was getting done and Hayden had held his hand, crooning at him and calling him a baby when the pain made him flinch.

Shane chanced a look at Rozanov's face. His mouth was slack and his eyes wide, like he couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"Can I touch?" he asked.

"Yeah, sure, it's done healing," Shane replied. Rozanov ran his fingers over the harsh lines, first gently, then a bit harder as if testing to see if it was real. Shane knew that the tattoo hadn't given him heightened sensitivity or anything like that, but it was the first time Rozanov (or anyone) had paid much attention to that part of his body. He found he couldn't contain his shivers.

Rozanov was smiling now.

"It is, what is word, classy?"

"Don't lie, Rozanov, it's a fucking tramp stamp."

"What is tramp stamp?"

"It's what they call a tattoo like this, on your lower back. It's associated with girls who like to, you know, sleep around."

"Ah. So it is meant to be humiliating for you."

"I think it's even worse than your bear."

Rozanov spun him around and kissed him, licking into his mouth.

"I like it," he said. "It's sexy. You play Mr. Perfect, but you really just want to be bad."

"Fuck off," Shane said through his smile. "Tattoos are pretty normal these days. Most of the time I can forget it's there. And it's not like -"

"Not like what?"

Shane blinked, then fixed his gaze on Rozanov's chin to avoid looking in his eyes.

"Not like a lot of people see me like this."

The air in the room seemed to thicken. Rozanov was quiet for what felt like too long. There was something in his expression – something complicated, something soft – that Shane was afraid to examine too hard.

"Then I am very lucky person, to see you this way, yes?"

Shane was afraid of what would come out of his mouth if he opened it to reply, so he pitched forward to kiss Rozanov instead.

Rozanov's hand slid down his back, over the tattoo, and into his pants as they kissed. Shane's breath hitched as Rozanov pet lightly over his hole.

"Will you let me lick you? Here?"

"What?"

"I want to lick your asshole, Hollander."

"Oh my god," Shane said. "Isn't that...gross?"

"Not to me," Rozanov said, shrugging. "I know you are very clean."

Shane felt his blush travel all the way down his neck. He hesitated.

"Let me," Rozanov whispered, sucking kisses at Shane's jaw and down his neck. "I will stop if you don't like."

Shane knew it wasn't just a line. Rozanov had always checked in with him, always been so attentive, from the first time they'd been together. Rozanov had stopped kissing him, and was looking into his eyes, stroking his cheekbone with a thumb.

"Okay," Shane said. His voice was only the tiniest bit wobbly. Rozanov smiled.

"Good. Come, let's go to bed."

Shane thought that Rozanov was good at sucking his dick, and that the overwhelmed-too-much-too-good way he felt when Rozanov fucked him was as undone as he could ever feel. Now, with Rozanov's strong hands pulling him apart, the slight rasp of his stubble between his thighs and his ass cheeks, the decisive laps of his tongue – he had ascended to a previously unimaginable plane of pleasure. He distantly registered that he was squirming, writhing, riding his ass back onto Rozanov's face. The choked, whimpering sounds he was making seemed to come from far away. Rozanov's hands kept moving, palming his ass, thumbing his tattoo, wrapping his arms around his hips to try to keep him still as he somehow pointed his tongue and licked him on the inside. Shane knew that if Rozanov touched his dick, it would all be over.

Rozanov pulled away and laid a sloppy kiss on his tailbone.

"Is it okay?"

Shane could hear the smug satisfaction in his voice, but was too strung out with pleasure to make a sarcastic retort.

"Y-yeah," Shane gasped. "More, please, I want more." With a whispered *fuck*, Rozanov's hands guided him onto his back, then they were kissing. Shane balked for a moment, knowing where Rozanov's mouth had been, then decided he didn't give a fuck.

"Hold your legs for me," Rozanov said, as he pushed Shane's legs up with hands under his knees. Shane grabbed on and canted his hips up, wanting Rozanov to put his mouth back down there, wanting to make it as easy as possible.

"Fuck, so flexible. Your yoga really pays off for me, hmm?" Rozanov murmured. He kissed down Shane's chest, then, mercifully, began to suck at his hole again. Shane let out an embarrassingly loud moan and dug his head back into the pillows.

At some point, Rozanov must have conjured lube, because the touch of his fingers on Shane's rim were slick and cool. The first finger went in with barely any pressure. Shane gasped – his body was sucking Rozanov inside, pliant and greedy.

“Still okay?” Rozanov asked, twisting his finger and *just* grazing Shane's prostate. Shane managed a nod and a garbled sound in the affirmative.

There was no resistance to the second finger either. Shane shifted restlessly. His sweaty hands were beginning to lose grip on his legs as Rozanov stretched him. Rozanov looked up and met his eyes, then slowly lowered his head and licked between his scissoring fingers. With a hoarse shout, Shane slammed a hand over his face and strangled the base of his dick with the other, determined not to come yet. He felt Rozanov pull away and climb up the bed as he tried to get his breathing (and his cock) under control.

“That was so fucking hot, Hollander,” Rozanov said, biting his ear. “Nearly made you come hands-free again.”

“I don't want to come yet,” Shane panted. “I want – I need you.”

“What do you need, Hollander?” Rozanov teased, pulling Shane's hand away from his face. “You need my mouth? My fingers? My cock? I want to hear you say it.” He stroked his thumb over Shane's chin, over his lips.

With a great effort, Shane met his eyes. “I need you to fuck me.”

Rozanov rewarded him with a filthy kiss.

“Turn around, I want to see tattoo when you bounce on my dick.”

Shane managed to get his limbs under control to straddle Rozanov's legs and shuffle backwards so he was in the right position. He was slicker than usual between his legs, and bit his lip at the thought that it wasn't just lube, but Rozanov's saliva too. The first slide down Rozanov's dick almost brought Shane to the edge. His mouth fell open and he hung his head as he started to move, letting the sounds tumble out of his mouth freely. They were at Rozanov's place; he didn't have to be quiet.

Rozanov's thumbs were digging into the dimples above his ass, framing the hideous tattoo between them. The pressure made him moan and grind down harder, taking it deeper – he kind of wanted Rozanov to spank him, but he didn't know how to ask for it.

“F-fuck, Rozanov, I need it harder,” Shane gasped. He could feel his thighs starting to spasm from the pleasure and the exertion. He let Rozanov's cock slip out of him, and collapsed forward onto his hands and knees. It was only a moment before Rozanov was back inside him with a muttered curse. Shane held on for as long as he could, white-knuckling the sheets

and biting his own wrist to stave off his orgasm, but it wasn't long until he was back on the very edge.

"Rozan-*ahh*, fuck, I'm gonna come!"

"Fuck, Hollander, do it," Rozanov gasped, thrusts somehow speeding up as he pressed a hand over Shane's cock.

Shane's entire body was jelly. Satisfied, used jelly.

"Again, you have killed me, Hollander," Rozanov said, kissing his chest.

"That was so fucking hot," Shane replied. "I really liked it."

"Really, I had no idea," Rozanov smirked. He ran his hand idly up and down Shane's side. "So...what will be new next time? Nipple piercing?"

Shane whacked him in the face with a pillow.

End Notes

Heated Rivalry has consumed perhaps 90% of my brain and has inspired me to write fanfic for the first time in over 10 years.

I hope you enjoy this offering.

Kudos and comments are much appreciated. Thank you for reading!

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